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VOL. 4. NO. 103

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

DECEMBER 14,

1861.

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There are periods in the world's history marked by extraordinary and violent crises, sudden as the breaking forth of a volcano, or the bursting of a storm on the ocean. These crises sweep away in a moment the landmarks of generations. They call out fresh talent, and give to the old a new direction. It is then that new ideas are born, new theories developed. Such periods demand fresh exponents, and new men for expounders.

This continent has lately been convulsed by an upheaving so sudden and terrible that the relations of all men and all classes to each other are violently disturbed, and people look about for the elements with which to sway the storm and direct the whirlwind. Just at present we do not know what all this is to bring forth; but we do know that great results MUST flow from such extraordinary commotions.

At a juncture so solemn and so important there is especial need that the intellectual force of the country should be active and efficient. It is time for great minds to speak their thoughts boldly, and to take position as the advance guard. To this end there is a special want unsupplied. It is that of an Independent Magazine, which shall be open to the first intellects of the land, and which shall treat the issues presented, and to be presented to the country, in a tone no way tempered by partisanship, or influenced by fear, favor, or the hope of reward; which shall seize and grapple with the momentous subjects that the present disturbed state of affairs heave to the surface, and which CANNOT be laid aside or neglected.

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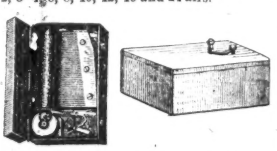

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

BY MCARONE.

CHAPTER I.

On a fine morning in the lovely month of December, as the sun rose above the misty tops of the mountains that line the Potomac, a young officer might have been seen emerging from his tent in the camp of the Eleventh Pontoons.

But it was no common tent.

It had cross-halls, a piazza, a wine-cellar, and a stove with a rifled stove-pipe, to make the smoke shoot straight.

Nor was this young officer a common young officer.

Scarcely forty-three, he had already won the proudest laurels of the gory field, and a black eye attested the blind fury of his valor. In cold weather, he was always to be found where the fire was hottest. He was arrayed in a fine blue uniform, brass-mounted, and wore yellow gloves, a red coat, scarlet trousers, a green cap, and a chaw of tobacco in either cheek. His loins were girded up for battle; fire sat upon his lip; death upon his sword; his neck was clothed with thunder and his breath smelled of onions.

His father had been an Indian, and his mother a Dutchman, but as both had petitioned Legislature to allow them to become natives of the M. E. Church, he claimed to be a Portuguese of the *sang azur*, and his name was Senhor Don RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING. He was seven feet high in his socks, weight, two hundred and eighty pounds, Troy weight . . . he weighed more in Albany . . . and had a good common-school education.

His manners were polished, some; his war-horse was fleet as the wind; he had suffered a good deal with rheumatism, and knew Dr. WATTS's Juvenile Poems by heart. In battle, he was awful. He wielded a Scottish claymore longer than himself, and a brace of double-back-action revolvers, presented him by the celebrated Gun-Maker of Moscow.

Thus much for our hero.

"GLORIANNA . . . beautiful GLORIANNA!" murmured he; "maiden of the blue hair and curly teeth, how have I dreamed of thee, this night!"

He turned, and saw a slave in crimson velvet approaching.

"Ho, minion!" he exclaimed, "bring shaving water, and order breakfast."

All through the heavy watches of the purple night, while the lilies lay, immobile as planets, on the sheeny bosom of the tidal waves, and the odor-fainting tom-tom sang joy exuberant to the sleepy, juice-laden cream-tufts of the white magnolia. . . . .

But no; Miss PRESCOTT has a copyright on all that sort of thing.

All night, let me say, then, quite plainly, while Don RANTANQUERO dreamed of his love, GLORIANNA, she sat in her bower on Pennsylvania Avenue, and gazed afar out over the murky shades of Washington, to where the lurid camp-fires of the brave Eleventh Pontoons hurled back an angry glare upon the heavens. As day broke, she could see by the dawn's early light, the Star-spangled Banner, that was so proudly hailed at the last beaming of the twilight; although during the night, the red glare of the rocket and the bombs bursting in air, had given proof that the flag was still there. . .

"Long May It Wave."

[ALDRICH.]

"O, RANTANQUERO . . . O, my love!" cried the maiden, rubbing her left ear, "how long must we dwell in loneliness apart?"

This, occurring at the moment when our hero uttered his loved one's name, was regarded as a very remarkable coincidence, and was frequently referred to for several years afterward, by those who were curious in such matters.

The door of the bower was suddenly and angrily thrust open, and a young man entered.

"What in thunder are you calling that feller your 'love,' for?" said this young man.

He was a disagreeable person, who, being rich, was to marry GLORIANNA. She didn't want him for a husband, but her father was obdurate. He was a tough old cuss.

"Avaunt, base villain!" cried GLORIANNA; "I loathe thee. By Heaven I swear it! Unhand me! Death before dishonor! Ha, ha!"

"Who's a techin' of yer?" asked the rich villain, whose name was PETER.

At this moment, the sullen roar of distant cannon was heard, some miles off.

"Go," exclaimed the maiden; "your country calls! Who but a poltroon would linger, when the deep-voiced cannon speaks? Why tarry here in ease and luxury?"

"I do' know," replied PETER; I don't seem to keer much about this war."

The peerless beauty cast upon him a gaze of withering scorn, that made his hair sizzle, and blistered his nose a little.

"Don't get riled," said he.

"Go, then, and win a name in the field of blood and glory!"

"Not any."

"Leave me!"

"Not till you promise me to forget your foolish passion for Don RANTANQUERO."

"Desecrate not that name with your sordid breath!" cried GLORIANNA, and her eyes flashed so that a neighboring rooster thought it was sunrise, and began to crow.

"I will have his blood!" roared PETER.

GLORIANNA wept. She wept a good deal.

PETER drew a jewel-hilted poniard from the bosom of his dressing-gown, and brandished it in the air.

"Ere one hour has elapsed," said he, "this we'p'n shall drink at the founting of his heart!"

The reader will observe that this young man used imperfect language. The reason was, that he was uneducated. He was born of poor but honest paret ts, and had made his fortune by writing for the religious papers.

He started to leave the room, but GLORIANNA clung to him.

"Stay . . . stay . . . " she sobbed; "take not so dear, so noble a life."

"I'll bat you in the eye," remarked he, "ef you don't let go o' me."

She sank in a swoon and a corner.

Half an hour later, PETER stood in the tent of Senhor Don RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING. That mighty warrior lay on a sofa asleep. The brandy he had taken at breakfast was a little too much for him.

With stealthy movement, PETER drew near, and raising his glittering dirk high in the air, down it came with an unerring aim and frightful force!

Let us draw a veil over this sad scene.

(To be Continued.)

JOHN CHINAMAN IS SO FOND OF BILLIARDS, THAT HE IS NEVER TO BE SEEN WITHOUT HIS CUE.

Hollo There!

We have discovered a few strange coincidences between the ancient city of Troy and the modern one of New York. The Greeks compassed the destruction of the former city by making a Horse of Wood—a hollow thing, but effective. The roughs attempted to insure the destruction of our city by making a Mayor of WOOD; and then, to crown all, came the victory of OPDYKE over that played out person—which, like the Trojan Horse, may be described as "a hollow thing, but effective."

Dastardly Outrage.

On Wednesday morning last a respectable-looking man rang the door-bell of our esteemed fellow-towns-man, FERNANDO WOOD, Esq, and enquired of the servant if "Mr. OPDYKE was in." He was immediately dragged away by the police.

The most obnoxious paper to Mason and Slidell.

"WILKES *Spirit*."

A LEADER.

(ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE TRIBUNE, BUT INTERCEPTED BY US, IN THE MOST DISHONORABLE MANNER.)

"Westward," says the Holy Writ, "the star of empire takes its way," and whoever will have the patience to cast his eye in the direction assumed by the star of empire, will observe that although things in Missouri are no longer as they were, there have still been quite a number, if not several, important changes there.

We promised long ago, to indulge in no criticisms or strictures whatever, upon the course of the Administration in conducting the present Pro-Slavery Rebellion. But that promise can surely not bind us from stating our candid opinions, such as that the Secretary of State is a blackguard, and that under the present method of doing things the Southern Confederacy will be recognized in less than three months. We wish it understood that in making these statements, we desire to express not the slightest or most distant antagonism to the persons or policies of the Cabinet or its weak and vacillating leaders.

But to return to Missouri. Every intelligent man in the North must have observed with the most ineffable contrition and profoundest lamentation, the down-hill and ruinous condition of the Union cause in that state, since General FREMONT's removal. We do not, of course, wish to say that that removal was in consequence of the jealousy of the Secretary of State, who fears FREMONT as a powerful rival in the next Presidential campaign. Far be it from us to insinuate so base, yet so truthful a motive.

Let us, however, sum up in brief, the positions of Missouri, before FREMONTS' shameful recall, and since that unhappy event.

I. Under FREMONT, the soldiers were numerous, well-dressed and intelligent. They all had Bibles, subscribed to the *Tribune*, were only drunk when they couldn't help it, and ate at regular hours, changing their under garments with great punctuality.

II. Under FREMONT, the expenses of the campaign were a bagatelle. The highest sum ever expended in one day, was but $875,302,000,000.

III. Under FREMONT, the troops were rigidly obedient to their superiors. As the army was composed principally of officers, this was easy.

IV. Under FREMONT, fighting was unknown in the army.

V. And finally, everything conspired to help the Union cause; the crops were abundant; there were fair women and brave men; the weather was pleasant; the country people stole less than usual, and the backbone of Rebellion, to use the words of a cotemporary, was broken. In two weeks more, FREMONT would have crossed the Osage to Sarcoxie *via* Springfield, won a bloodless victory over PRICE, freed all the colored gentlemen and ladies in the South, and quelled the insurrectionary flame wherever it arose. The Rebels would have hailed him with open arms, and those who did not flock to his victorious standard would have laid down their lives and retired to their homes.

Now let us see how affairs stand in Missouri to day!

I. Since FREMONT's recall, the soldiers, outnumbering the officers more than twenty to one, refuse to do anything bordering upon impossibility.

II. They do not shave and change their under garments only three times per week. From too gross a diet they suffer greatly with chillblains and numerous cases of the pip have appeared in the hospitals.

III. The expenses, if they have not enormously increased, have certainly not diminished more than 50 or 75 per cent.

IV. The troops are continually fighting.

V. The Rebels are consolidating. Three arrived in Springfield night before last, and our special correspondent thinks there are more.

VI. The weather has been very bad ever since FREMONT left, and the turnip-crop will be short next year. Some of the oldest inhabitants say positively that they don't care whether school keeps or not. The colored ladies and gentlemen, who were in the habit of thronging to FREMONT's camp for instruction and stimuli, have disappeared. The common schools are all closed, and the banks refuse to pay specie to every man who has no claim upon them.

Shall all this continue? We call upon the people, and especially the friends of FREMONT, to answer.

The Modern Bonnivard.

"*My hair is gray, but not with years.*"
BYRON.

I.

Have you seen our dear Bard since his poor wife is dead?
How he's changed by the blow!
His hair is like snow;
There isn't a single black hair on his head!"

II.

That the man is now gray, Sir, I cannot deny:
But it is not with wo,
For the reason I know:—
When his wife ceased to live, why, he ceased to dye!"

A tax not likely to be imposed upon U. S. under Old Abe's Administration.

Syntax!

Enough to make a Horse Laugh.

The news of the death of GEOFFRY ST. HILAIRE, the Hippophagist.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

INCOMPARABLY the largest piece of ordnance on record is the famous Golden Gun kept in the Tower of London. The Jews, with that keen scent for precious metals long since recognised in the adoption of the words Jewelry and Mosaic, are said to have offered no less than twenty thousand pounds for this valuable relic, which, consequently, may fairly be set down as the only twenty thousand pounder made mention of in the history of artillery. It was founded by order of the Imaum of Muscat, on the occasion of his having a little difficulty about his black chattels with the Azimuth of Polaris. The gold from which it was cast was furnished by voluntary contributions of ear-rings from the Imaum's wives, who must have been both numerous and well off for trinkets, judging from the weight of the gun. According to the accurate old chronicler, SELIM H. O'SOLYMAN, this huge engine of destruction was originally to have been called the Father of Thunder, a name selected for it by the Imaum, who was a monarch of mild though vigorous character. This appellation, however, was over-ruled, by advice of the Imaum's private chaplain, who was subject to electric fits, and suggested that Thunder might not like to be set down as the son of a gun. Resolved to confer nomenclature upon the huge offspring of his genius, however, the Imaum employed his chief Pundit to devise a suitable title for it. That officer devoted himself to the task with the fidelity and zeal of one who knew that his life depended upon a successful result. He shut himself up in his private shooting gallery for eight days, restricting his diet to six lacs of henna and a sunderbund of rice, daily. On the ninth day he had a fit, under the influence of which he went to the Imaum, and proposed The Golden Era as a neat and appropriate name for the great gun, on account of its material having been accumulated from the golden ear-rings of the daughters of the four winds. As we have already mentioned, the Imaum, although mild, was vigorous. He contented himself, therefore, with transferring the contents of his revolver to the vitals of the maundering Pundit, saying, as he placed a fresh quid of backsheesh inside his cheek—"Let this be a warning to all who would recklessly sport with the feelings of others; and henceforth let this new crime be designated after the wretched Pundit who first perpetrated it, and be known as a Pun. Sir, the man who would make a pun would shoot a picket."

This is the early history of the famous Golden Gun of Aden, every part of which is known to be made of solid gold, except the bore.

That there were giants in the days when that gun was founded, is a question no longer open to debate; since, in a manuscript found in the hat-box of the King of Delhi, on the capture of that city, a few years since, it is mentioned that the Azimuth of Polaris was of such remarkable stature, that the court dentist was obliged to use a ladder for the purpose of scaling his teeth.

Among the curiosities of artillery, mention must be made of the time-gun in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. Every day, at noon, unless it is raining, or cloudy, or somebody's umbrella intercepts the rays of light, this gun explodes by the action of a burning glass, upon which a general comparison of watches takes place everywhere within sound of its boom. It is said that the present Emperor of the French, when a boy, played a sad trick upon the old watch-holders by spiking this gun. "Some day or another," said the youthful aspirant, "Paris will take its time from me; let me anticipate Paris, by taking its time from it." The only watch set in Paris that day was set upon the gun, in order to prevent a repetition of the outrage.

In the Carte de Visite Style.

There is something so disparaging to the cherished idea of warriors and their deeds of arms, in the following announcement, that we hope our military friends will excuse us for republishing it:

"A well-known inventor of New York has sent a proposition to the Secretary of War to make a contract 'to take Forts Sumter, Moultrie, and all other fortifications on the coast, without the advance of a single soldier.'"

The only possible way in which we can imagine the "well-known inventor" taking a fort without the aid of soldiers, is by supposing that he means to do it from a balloon, with a photographic apparatus. Perhaps the "well-known inventor" is a believer in affinities, and expects that Secretary CAMERON will look with favor upon the application of a Camera.

OUR LIST OF LECTURERS.

Having but a small number of advertisements, and consequently a large space, which must be filled with matter of some sort, *The Tribune* treated its readers the other day to a long list of lecturers, open to engagements during the coming season. It was imperfect of course; but considering the loose way in which things are done at that establishment, (no tight man ever obtaining admittance within its sacred precincts,) it was not so bad as it might have been. It had some glaring deficiencies, and some egregious mistakes, a few of which we will endeavor to correct. Not so much for the readers of VANITY FAIR, who, as a body, are too intelligent to make a business of attending lectures, as out of regard for the omitted lecturers, who must feel, keenly, the malicious neglect of *The Tribune*. Here is the list of V. F.

ALDRICH, HAYNES BAYLEY. Address Jack Frost, Esq., Winter Place; New York.
Subjects—Babie Bell, with extracts from Suckling....The Staff of Life.

BENNETT, JAS GORDON, Washington Heights.
Subjects—Heraldry....The Postal System, with the Art of Black Mailing....A fig for Plum Gut.

CLARKE, LEWIS G. Custom House: New York.
Subject—The Last of the Knickerbockers.

DANA, CHARLES A. *Tribune* Office.
Subject—The art of Polite Letter-Writing.

EVERETT, EDWARD, HON. Everett House, Boston.
Subject—Five Thousand Reasons for writing for It.

FLOYD, JOHN G. On the Run, Virginia.
Subjects—The Blunders of BUCHANAN....Still so gently o'er me stealing....The Forty Thieves....Wise, and Otherwise.

GREELEY, HORACE, HON. (Will be sent from the *Tribune* Office.)
Subjects—The Best Bread made of New Bran. (A bran new lecture)....Tobacco, the Hideous Weed, with some account of Thurlow.

HOLMES, OLIVER W. The Hub of the Universe.
Subjects—Doctors a Delusion....The Sovereign of the Supper Table.

HOLLAND, J. G. Care of CHARLES SCRIBBLER.
Subjects—The Dutch Republic.

LESLIE, FRANK Esq. Ill News.
Subject—Swill Milk, a stump speech.

MEAGHER, THOMAS, COL. Camp Corkoran, Virginia.
Subjects—Russell and Bustle....Irish Bulls, or the 69th at Bull Run.

NORDHOFF, CHARLES. Post Office.
Subjects—Du Chaillu and his Gorillas....Literary Rowdies....The Last of the Barons.

PHILLIPS, WENDELL, office, Anti Slavery Standard.
Subjects—Phillipics.

RAYMOND, HENRY JENKINS, *Times* Office, London.
Subject—Raymond of Too Loose.

TUCKERMAN, H. T. *Boston Transcript*.
Subjects—Old DAN TUCKER.....Tuckered Out.

WHITE, GRANT, Shakespeare Hotel.
Subjects—SPALDING'S Glue....The Revolutions of the World....The Manton Marbles.

WOOD, FERNANDO, Fifth Avenue. (Should be Fort Warren.)
Subjects—The Art of Altering Accounts....Raising the Wind, and the Joseph Walker....The Science of the Ring. (Assisted by Aldermen TUOMEY, BOOLE, etc.)

P. S. Should communications not reach these gentlemen at the localities designated above, we propose to make engagements for them. Terms made known on application to our office. Each letter must enclose a stamp, (the larger, the better,) and a year's subscription to our paper. No others need apply. See that our autograph, V. F. is signed on the label, and our seal (Green Seal of course,) blown into the bottle. Certificates to be seen at the counter. A few more wanted. A liberal per centage to the Trade. For further particulars apply, to

Vanity Fair.

A NEW WHISTLE.

WANT THE 'BUS STOPPED, MARM? I'LL WHISTLE HIM IN FO YOU—ONLY A PENNY!

Mare Victum.

(*Freely I ndered—The Mayor's the Victim.*)

In the hi old times, that are always rare,
The myt of myths was the nest of a mare;
For the h nest simpletons thought, d'ye see,
'Twas son thing that wasn't, and couldn't be.

We have hanged all that, as the Frenchmen say,
For man like Wood, are on that lay;
Ask him what the Mayor's nest is—he can tell,
For ther very little doubt he has feathered it w l!

About The Ring.

A cor spondent suggests that in view of the pre onderance of shoulder-hitters at FERNAN 's Headquarters, the name of the establish ent should be spelled hereafter in this wis —Mose-art Hall.

Whic V. F. thinks, would be a good idea, es cially as FERNANDO himself will always e known hereafter as the "Left Duke" Bloomingdale.

Quite Likely.

The passenger who conveyed to FERNANDO the nes of ORDYKE'S election last Tuesday night s s that he never saw WOOD so Cut Up.

eat Shakespearian Revival.

"Th divine WILLIAMS" appears, every night, the Winter Garden.

Epitaph for Wood.

Pea to his Ashes.

A LETTER FROM A VERY YOUNG MERCHANT.

DEAR V. F.—I arted in business, last week.

Capital $10,000 left me by my grandmother.

I hired a counti g-house—opened a set of books—advertised for consignments. Ah—to do the thing genteely, and like a sharp, virtuous, religious money-maker—I confess it—I subscribed for *The World*.

Ah! there's where it was. That moral paper has knocked to pieces my peace of mind, for, taking it up, on the 4th of December, I saw "Hints by an Old Merchant;" and found that if I would make my fortune,

I. I musn't sell to jobbers.
II. " " buy commercial paper.
III. " " trust "Commercial Agencies."
IV. " " " Country Merchants.
V. " " trade with liquor-drinkers.
VI. " " borrow of the banks.

Lastly, if I wish to be perfectly safe, I must—I must carefully KEEP MY GOODS!

Now, as doubts must come out of all this bother about jobbers, commercial paper, rural merchants, liquor dealers and banks, it follows that I shall be insolvent next week, so much, my commercial brethren, for taking *The World*.

Sincerely your Distressed Friend,
ANTONIO GREEN.

Epigram.

BY A FIGURANTE.

"My election is certain," said poor 'Single Eye;'
"I've ciphered out, and I sigh for it, too:
See, here's all the figures, and figures won't lie"—
"No, and there's the advantage they have over *you*."

The best War Report.

The report of our Cannon along the Potomac.

"Sic ansit Gloria."

Not long ago Secesh was mad,
At the glorious victory it had,
Over the Federal fleet;
What shouts for HOLLINS! what frantic scenes!
How the whiskey flowed in New Orleans!
And the candles lit each street!

They went it blind on HOLLINS's lies,
Till the truth came out, and opened their eyes;
Now they look rather slim;
So does HOLLINS—ungrateful men!—
Where they lighted their cities then,
They now make light of him!

Two Theatres.

"SECESH," at the Theatre of War, ran, without intermission, through the Spring and the Summer, and has now gone well into Winter. By some, (the sufferers, for instance,) it is considered a dark tragedy; by others, (army contractors, for instance,) a bright farce.

"SECESH," at the Winter Garden Theatre, ran, without approbation, through the nights of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, last, and has now gone well into oblivion. By some, (the author, for instance,) it was considered a live burlesque; by others, (the public, for instance,) a dead failure.

Of the two theatres, we should say that the W. G. has the best of it.

To Persons about to Marry.

Call upon Mr. CHARLES GAYLER, who gets up Magic Marriages with neatness and dispatch.

A Precedent for Bad Grammar.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE MASON WHO BUILT HIS OWN CELL.

LETTERS TO THE CHIEF OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION.

No. 2.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1st, '61.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, ESQ.—If your Post-Master General has overcome "the formidable difficulties" you spoke of "in carrying the confederate mails," you will doubtless before now, have received my first letter. Another epistle may reach you before your own hounds are unleashed.

I shall look at some of the promises you made to the South, when you inaugurated a subtle conspiracy, which has since grown into the proportions of a great Rebellion. Like many a reckless plotter of mischief, you have evoked more elements of trouble than you can manage. While you were raising as you thought, only a storm of wind and fury which would grow calm at the bidding of any smart demagogue, you found a wild tempest roaring above your head, and ÆOLUS alone could command the winds back to their caves. You have more than once, since you made this discovery, said "you had no conception, the thing would ever go so far." This is true. Nor have you now any idea how far it *will* go. Your eyes are only partly opened—you still "see men as trees walking"—but your eyesight will improve hereafter every day. What did you promise the South, if she would break away from her allegiance? Independence, Soverignty, and instantaneous recognition by the Great Foreign Powers. Your agents went to Europe, and with no usher but a cotton bale reeking with the sweat of lashed and unpaid negro labor, they tried to force their way into the Palaces of Emperors and Kings. They were repulsed—but they still cringed and fawned for recognition, till they were spurned with cold contempt from every Royal Ante-Chamber in Europe. On the very night that the Ambassador of the United States was the guest of the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, with Her Majesty's Ministers at his side, your court-ejected, nigger-driving Envoys found more congenial company taking pot-luck in the greasy tap room of Fish Mongers Hall. You have always insulted and hated England, because she wanted Mississippi to pay her honest debts. Now you crawl to that monarchy only to be kicked away as the whining chief of an unsuccessful Rebellion—as the champion of a peculiar Institution England hates, and the tawny self-crowned King of Cotton, which she no longer wants. Did you read YANCEY's letter?

You were luckier with your "Ambassadors" (as you acknowledge them to have been) than with your Emissaries. MASON, SLIDELL & Co. spared you the further mortification of more fawning, more cringing, more crawling and more impertinence, as the supple suppliants of kings, by changing their voyage to Fort Warren, in sight of Bunker Hill, over which you were to crack your slave lash as the roll of your bondsmen was called.

You wish to be emancipated from the North to which, you had so long paid tribute—you wanted to cut off all intercourse with us. We helped you in your glorious work. You no longer pay tribute on Lynn shoes—you can't get them, and you go bare-foot, black, white and mixed. No more tribute on Boston Ice—you drink tepid water in dog-days. No tax on Ohio bacon—it is worth 30 cts. a pound—on Illinois flour, it costs $40 a barrel—on Orange Co butter—it brings 50 cts. a pound—your circulating medium must be below par, or these commodities must be growing very scarce.

You were to cover all seas with your pirates—How many Letters of Marque have been called for? You were to open the Slave Trade—how near have you come to winding up Slavery itself? Children laugh at the silly dog that lost the meat and the shadow too! You would not sell your pew in a Washington Church, for you would need it the next Sunday after taking the Federal Capitol! What would you take for it now? You made Montgomery your first Seat of Government, and you congratulated Georgia on her great destiny. You skinned that neighborhood, and quit for Richmond. Virginia was in turn congratulated—you skinned the mother of Presidents and scraped her to the bone—and again started with your locust bands for Nashville, which will participate in like congratulations, and share a similar fate. By this time the Capitals and States where you hold your locust court, must have recalled with empty stomachs and shrivelled purses the Spanish Proverb: "Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies."

You sunk what few ships you had at the mouth of Charleston harbor to keep us from getting *in*. We took the hint, and are sinking a fleet of old whalers to keep you from ever getting *out*. We do not wish to burn your cities, but we will exile them from the commercial world; we will blot their very names from the maps of the Navigator. We will open new Ports, and build free cities. Thither will flock the fleets of all Nations, and your slaves shall be our servants. You were to send your cotton direct to Europe, and pay no commissions to Yankees. We shall save you the trouble, for we shall take the commissions and the cotton too!

JEFF. DAVIS! What have you done? Once you stood fair among your fellows; your Nation put a soldier's sword into your hand—you have thrust it into the bosom of your Mother—you were respected, beloved and even admired. The South was prosperous, happy, and secure. Now she is bankrupt, miserable, and in peril. She is bound on Procrustees bed, and the sword of Damocles is flashing over her head.

The *cordon de guerre*, which has been steadily spinning for you by the hand of SCOTT from the distaff of destiny, is now, under the steady nerve and clear gaze of young MCCLELLAN, slowly but surely tightening its coils around you. The ocean is too small even for the furtive flight of your Ambassadors; the continent has no desert or cave where you or your traitor conspirators can hide. Your Sea Ports will become Antwerps—your capitols a bye word so that no man pass through them—your homes will be left desolate—you will be buried among the ruins of your peculiar Institution, on which the world already sees, written the doom

> "Of Nations scattered like the chaff
> Blown from the threshing floor of God,"

And you have caused it all.

> "Since him miscalled the morning star,
> Nor man, nor fiend hath fallen as far."

Yours,

V. E.

DECEMBER IN VIRGINIA.

CONTRABAND, *loquitur*.

De leaves hab blown away,
De trees am black an bare;
De day am cold an damp,
De rain am in de air.
De wailing win's hab struck
De strings ob Nature's lyre;
De brooks am swollen deep,
De roads am mud an mire.
De horses yank de team,
De wheels am stickin thar;
De Yankee massa yell—
De Lord! how he do swar!
De oafs dat he do take,
De nigger disremember;
De Dutch, de Deuce, de Debbil,
De—all tings dat am ebil—
DE-CEMBER!

MUSCULAR TACTICS.

To an equestrian circus, rather than to the arena of war, might one look, naturally, for the remarkable feats recorded in the following description of the Grand Review, contributed by the special correspondent of the *Daily Times*.

The army first formed in lines of divisions on three sides of an oblong, and was then reviewed by the President, his Cabinet and General MCCLELLAN and staff. Afterwards they defiled by divisions, marching past the President, on a black horse, under a pine tree, supported by General MCCLELLAN, Secretaries SEWARD and CAMERON, a magnificent staff, all mounted.

We can only account for such an extraordinary statement as the above, by setting it down as a Zampillaerostatement, or tremendous bounce. It certainly conveys the idea that General MCCLELLAN, assisted by Secretaries SEWARD and CAMERON, did some herculean feats, either by carrying about a black horse with the army of the Potomac mounted upon it, or by wielding a pine-tree for a truncheon. After several careful readings, we can make nothing else out of it; and our opinion is that NIXON ought to secure an engagement with General MCCLELLAN and the two athletic Secretaries, as soon as ever the war is over.

Our Nationalities.

Some say that our Charter elections are carried by the Irish element, while others attribute the preponderating political influence to the Germans. It appears to us, however, that the Polls have a good deal to do with the reckoning.

A Loyal Prestidigitator.

HERMANN—He has no Confederates.

JUVENILITY JUBILANT.

A Reminiscence of The Old Knickerbocker Magazine.

HAVING long been enough known as "some deal" as the *Advocate General* of "the little 'uns" in "the old familiar" pages of "*The Knickerbocker Magazine*"—*alias* "*Old Knick*"—I felt it in my bones," to send you the following "inkling" of Foreign per last "Cunarder:"

"A question, important to London cabdrivers, was decided at Westminster, lately. Two persons may legally travel in a cab for one fare, but if an infant in arms is added there must be an additional fare, Mr. Arnold having decided that an infant was to be considered a person."

Now, as a Father and a Juvenile Editor, I beg leave to give my "humble but hearty thanks" to this "most potent, grave and reverend" "Daniel come to judgment." I believe that "an infant in arms is "a person," for if the dear "Pledge" and "Olive-Branch" isn't "a person," I should like to know what "a person" is? .... Will it be said that so many contributors to "*The Monthly*," the "wee toddlers" who send me so many "quips" are not "persons?" ..... Look at the beautiful engraving of "The Infant Samuel" from the picture by our distinguished countryman, Copley, a copy of which, "a thing of beauty *and* a joy forever,"

"——— which nobody can deny,"

hangs upon the walls of "the Sanctum," in a fine golden frame from the manufactory of Messrs. Lacker, No. 328 Nassau street, New York. Will any one admit that he has "a soul so dead" that he does not consider the "Infant Samuel" to be "a person?" Then is he

"——— fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Last evening—it was only last evening, 'gentle sir'—as I reclined at about three-quarters past six—I dine at five—in the "Home Sanctum," consuming "the Indian weed," and dallying with a glass of Cozzens' "*Ne Plus Ultra Port*," thanks for the demijohn of "that same!" I heard sweet, fresh, innocent voices chanting:

"Three little kittens,
They lost their mittens,
And thus to their mother did cry."

Verily, my eye "ran over" ..... But what was this to the delicate way in which little "Effie ———" aged six, said the other night, when I was present, that she liked "jelly" with her bread? Dear creature! may she never lack "jelly" sweet as "Hybla's honey" on her "remainder biscuit!" wasn't she "a person." She was; and "in the Spring," "the delicate footed Spring," when "Molly Mottle" begins to "give down," I will send "little Effie" a pound and a half of golden butter to put with her "jelly" upon her "bread." Daniel Webster—peace to his ashes!—could not have loved her better than I do.

But I fear that I "meander," writing as I do," currente calamo," just after tea, in "the Sanctum." So let me "pull up;" only adding that I am, "*toujours*."

"Your most obedient,"

"Old Knick."

A Con. for Fernando.

Why were your voters at this election like Boomerangs? Because they went back on you.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.

The Wood-shed at Camden.

The perils of the pass[age] into the wood-shed at Camden being safely passed, the traveller stops to gather his breath. As he is shaken into the car which is to convey him to his grandmother's, his mother-in-law's, or wherever else he is going, he shakes himself to find out if he is the same man that started from Philadelphia in good health. If he finds no limbs knocked off, he gazes in mute wonder at the architectural points of interest in the strange building, while mile after mule madly rushes past the car window, eager to land the precious loads of wearing apparel on the car on which they are to ride. What wonders of architecture! What mysteries of planning! What miracles of construction! What strange devices to impede the transit of travellers, and to endanger the integrity of their shinbones! The structure has its merits. Never was wood[en] so marvellously put together out of little wood-sheds. Never was shed so ingeniously contrived as this, to mix the contents of arriving and departing trains. The smoke has beclouded the place brilliant whitewash; the dust from within and without has converted the window panes into ground glass. The darkness is great that it can be felt, particularly when some one groping for a seat puts his foot against your ribs, or his valise into your lap.

In this wood-shed, as at all the other wood-sheds along the road, platforms are erected to enable the passenger to get into the car. Instead of being low platforms from which you could reach the car by a step or two, they are built upon a level with the car floor. There is just enough space between platform and car to allow you to drop your umbrella, your purse, your ticket, to the ground beneath, but not space enough to allow you reach after them and fish them up again. So if you drop your umbrella, your purse, your ticket, you add them to the general list of lost umbrellas, purses, and tickets, unless you have the hardihood to crawl under the cars from behind, as if you were a snake, in which event the train will probably make you into a snake-head, for it will start before you can get out. The conductor will sell you another ticket; your purse and umbrella you can replace when you get to New York. The history of the devising of these platforms is thus;—The man who invented them had his bump of constructiveness developed in[to] instead of in one regular bump. It never occurred to him that passengers could climb in and out of the cars by means of steps fastened to the cars themselves; so he spotted these things all along the road to take the place of car steps. He probably had a cousin in the lumber business.

Unlike the Philadelphia wood-shed, the Camden one has a place for the weary traveller to wait in. Weary traveller is generally very sorry if he has to wait in it long. A little door leads to it, close by the man who says "T'kets ple-e-e-e-ze." It is a handsome apartment, large enough for a small family without children. Let us not stay in it.

South of the main wood-shed is the freight wood-shed, from which two or three of the cheaper trains start. It is a frightful place, and there is more danger of being scared by mules there than in the other place for the mules and the humans are there more intimately thrown together.

The engine squeals; the thing is ready to go. We are glad to leave the dingy wood-shed of Camden, and reach the open air, where we can see to read the newspaper. We steam through the yard, containing some old remains of railroad furniture, and bounded by a fence of wood work, white-washed in the year 1841, just before the failure of the United States Bank. Fare thee well, thou dusky, leaky, wood[en] shed.

Epigram.

By the Man[y] of the Murdered Murray.

Abe L. [is] an able president,
His m[ind] has a mighty reach;
Search [a]ll our cities and marts,
You w[on't] find a man with better parts—
Excep[t] his parts of speech!

Personal.

J—s—ph H—x—ie. Why do you continue to distress the hearts of all at home: Oh, my dear J., we are very unhappy without you! Return, and all will be forgiven.

H. G.

Shakespeare, altered a little for our "Soldier Boys."

"Do not stand upon the order of your 'going in' but 'go in' at once!"

"If you want a uniform that will show off your figure to advantage, what can be neater than this?"

THE CRUISE OF THE FLORA.

A Nautical Ballad.

Last week I went to Barnegat,
All on a shooting spree,
And I will take and eat my hat
If 'twas not jollity.

The piping winds across the sky
Full many a cloud did blow,
The while we piped, my friends and I,
A jollier cloud below.

Though Barnegat boasts no great man
Who paints, or speaks, or writes,
Whoever threads her channel can
Descry some Shining Lights.

And there we lay three days, I ween,
Nor moved with sails or oars;
The only Game that we had seen
Was euchre, or all-fours.

But when the sun one morning shone,
Dispelling cold and cough,
Good gracious, how we all went on,
And how our guns went off!

The ducks and geese came flying round
And though they were no fools,
A number fell upon the ground,
'Twas said, between two Stools.

In Manahawkin Swamp, we heard,
That one, with gun or snare
Might capture bear; but some averred
The Swamp was bare of bear.

So hunting bear we did not go,
Our sport was *quantum suff.*,
And several tore their trousers so
They had bare-skin enough.

We sailed 'twixt island-shores of grass;
The channel there is shoal;
And as we bowled along the pass
We passed along the bowl.

We stopped just off of Bond's Hotel . . .
Long Beach lies just beyond . . .
And found the liquor there a sell
Save what was put in Bond.

A wreck on shore outlived the gale,
But sailors none were here,
So when they wanted to make Sail
They got an auctioneer.

(These 'long-shore sales, as I suspect,
Are humbug and a curse:
The ships by breakers may be wrecked,
But brokers are far worse.)

For Tuckerton our sail we set
Some stores and things to buy,
And though we all got very wet
We all felt very dry.

And if you want to take us down . . .
Our looks, and what we wore . . .
The people of that little town
Can tell you something more.

Our week was up; we headed toward
Egg Harbor's bar of foam;
We were not Free to go Abroad,
So we were Bound for Home.

At Little Egg . . . the pass, you know . . .
The wind was blowing free,
We doubted if 'twas safe to go,
But we went out to See.

'Twas growing cold and dark, and late,
We saw nor moon nor star;
Our skipper steered for one thing straight
. . . The Buoy behind the Bar.

All night our Northward course we lay,
Till off the first Hook Light,
Where, as we hankered for the day,
We anchored for the night.

Next morn we rose betimes, and saw
The billows Wash and Comb,
While we went dirty as before
Until we reached our home.

Thus closed our trip to Barnegat,
'Twas finished up and done;
And I will take and eat my hat
If 'twasn't jolly fun.

Exclusively for our English friends.

"Here's a go!" said Scriblerius, feeling in his pockets just before dinner-time; "no money till Saturday and I've only a sixpence left!"

"That's nothing," blandly interposed the Cockney, "that sixpence ought to do for you a good while yet."

"How so?"

"Don't you remember what the grave-digger says in Hamlet: 'A Tanner will last you nine years?'"

And Scriblerius did remember, and taking the Briton by the hand he led him unto a hostelry where the twain kept an account.

Not so sure of that.

Papa Greeley says that now we have a new broom at the City Hall, corruption of every sort will speedily be cleaned out of that establishment.

V. F., on behalf of many incredulous tax-payers, begs to be allowed to consider this as a Sweeping assertion.

A Hint from Dr. Donne for France and England.

"There is no health; physicians say, that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality."

What we'll do with King Cotton.

"Flax" him.